On the Topic of a Particular Nothing:

I want the world to *feel things*. Art, music, words on pages, and everyelsething must of be dreamt.

Regardless of if this work appears to be created out of disdain, it is out of love —— love for those who will appreciate it.

See yourself in this work, not permission to, upon elsewhoms, downlook. Anything vile from this is incorrect in interpretation from mine objective motives in inspiration.

Prologue:

he path to Hell is wide and long —— long insomuch that anywhom that goes is lost only after years of trekking; to achieve damnation one goes from the primal sin to next, eventually reaching the ult, that is the deepmost, that is of unreturning. One does not find Hell by accident.

God is love, and no devil can create, therefore *all* things are love, save for that which lies at the end of the wailer's path, the sin against the Holy Ghost: sloth. The Holy Ghost, the greatmost cravat-wearer of theatre, is the One who takes us to *salvation*; if one is so lazy as to deny the Spirit, and grows *ascetic*, dead in soul, then he has committed the most heinous of the sins, and rendered himself into undesiring. Sloth is not love; it is the lack of it, Reader.

This book is a paradox: no son of the abouliac Belphegor will take time to read, and noöne that will read is of sloth; still, despite being a book for noẅhom, it will serve as a gospel to those as myself, against laze. There are those whom we adore, and those whom we hate, the people whom we would send to Eden if we could and those who we think deserve the pits of Hell, but the third group exists as those for whom we have no feelings, save for loss. —— Those who add nothing to the Earth, and only waste our time.

We are of light, but the Belphic are nothing; they are not as the œttworthy, nor those for whom love is, but cannot even see any love or hate, themselves. They do not exist in rôles, and for that they are nothing.

The path to becoming light is one of revelation; only one who has been touched will ever live to impressionate the elsewhoms with their glistening hands: I recall that, when I was a lad, I never questioned the point of life aside from owning the desire of any other child; I sought to get rich, spawn a child, or attend some œberschool, but only gained the cosmic light I have until one day, where I was sat as anyelsewhen affront the television set, and heard somewhom's voice: it was the sound of a rôleplayer speaking and thence I came to *feel*. I'd never felt that way afore, and would not fore until my later years as a silly teenager. What had occurred was the simple hearing of a person's voice, where I recognised the sound and realised I knew it elsewhence —— this rôleplayer had become everywhom to bestow *feeling* on the same-likes.

I realised that the light I had been given was glorious, and would require myself to create glorious fantasies for the chaff who had not yet received that glimmer. In a samelike fashion to the television-fellow, I would be everywhom to reach everywhom, since noöne deserves darkness. I wanted

to make people *feel* the way I'd felt, and the best way to do it would be to level myself to them.

I will bring laughter and sobbing to the land, because the glistening light I have must be shared; it is a burden of amazing purpose in a land where noöne has desire. So silly as my realisation was, —— done through what it was —— it gave me something good to give unto the Earth, and a raison d'être in the abyss where others could not see.

What of those fellows, the hatẽable ones of the chaff, though? —— Who live without desire and rather enjoy to nonexist? They are the enemy, and those about whom we must go.

I want to see the pain of the inactive grow us, the superior doers, a better world; I want to see the severed sangreducts's fluid of these people turned into the mortar for the bricks of a better place, as the *Northern Earth* was formed through *Odin's* slaying of *Ýmir*, so can the idlers create a world of action for us all.

I want a world of movement and glorious doing so that every good thing may flourish and all theatre can not flounder. The desire to *feel* is required, the perceptions of sight and smell as touch and hearing, as stimuli will bring *feeling* through perspected speculation in the dream of life. Candidly, to feel requires *desire*, and *undesire* must, thus, depart hence.

Chapter I:
The Palace of the Sinnermosts:

There sits upon an hill a house: it has a blank trim and blackened walls; it is a simple and silly domain with an apex of roof and a room to the side in the rubricated Heaven's sun's rayway. To the side of the house there is a mulberry bush, and the fruit tastes of sin; which sin do you desire the most?

Lust tastes sweet. Those who eat of the lustful berries are able to *feel* a flame of cloyingness within, but it will die, —— even they know this, themselves —— and they will need more. Eventually they will have lived through so many flaming saccharines that they won't be capable of creating syrup inside their bodies, requiring the berries evermore.

Gluttony tastes glorious. —— It is meaty and fine, with a sweeter aftertaste as before. Those who eat it will feel as to require more, and they will find some, but will be found requiring more fore and forefore, too, until there is nothing left. Once all the fruit is gone, those who have been made fat will turn towards the black house to consume the people within, animals as they are, below even the orders of the fruit they so consumed.

Greed tastes like *blood*. —— sickly and fatty, it is good. It is made to eat even itself, and those who devour it will be made as gold, starved because they cannot find fuel in metal, however grand it feels.

Wrath tastes horrid, but those who eat it must continue dutifully. —— It is their job. They are filled with detest for the fruit, and mission themselves in feeling to eat it all so it may, by anyelsewhom, remain unconsumed. —— Once it is all gone, saving others from its taste, those who fought so vilēlike against it will turn, themselves, into the budding berries, purple in nature and only nastier in taste than what they sought to gulp down in a way they thought was right.

The berries of pride do not get eaten, for those who see them are too important to be bothered. They *feel* the berries and themselves, and only choose the latter, erecting statues to stand so that when they surely fall noöne will dare catch them, lest they be crushed beneath the stones.

The dirt of sloth does not enjoy berries, for it never chose to grow them; the dirt tastes of nothing, but those who manducare of it do not care, for their desire for food is nonexistent and their worries are only as the abyss. The soul will see things and feel *no* flame, for it has neither *need* nor *desire* for these things. Those who eat of this mud do not find anything.

The people who follow this great sin —— the SLOTHFUL chaff, again I say —— are able to plead with themselves, for they are not evil like the others, but can reckon ignorance and laze.

Those who rally themselves under a banner of violence, or submit to whorism *know* of their are evil; their ideas of villainy are so hardly ingrained into their brains that they will be slaves to their *consciences*, *reason*, and *minds*; they cannot stand to be so blatantly evil, and will dissolve themselves and those with whom they collaborate.

But again, O Reader, *ascetia* is not so plainly wicked, and can be rendered as *nondoing*, rather than *maldoing* in the mind of the reasoner.

*
* *

Behind the ashen house is a giant man; he is tall and lean, with the seven *façades* of the seven vilẽmost SINS, and inside the house are the sevenmany toys of sinners, but the SLOTHFUL lack any entertainment, for, while WRATH and PRIDE are lighted in their perversion of gleaming love, those who are the sons of BELPHEGOR do not care to play.

Lazy people do not care to play with toys, wear façades, or eat their food; SLOTHFUL fiends do not care to reproduce or read or learn, or even live at all, because, to them, life is worthless.

They believe in *nothing* because it is the easiest path, and their care for the Holy Ghost does not exist.

They sit at their desks in school or on their culcitæ at home and do nothing save for the things so deeply ingrained as pleasurable unto them; they drool and roll within their fæces all the while masturbating their bastard children into life so the younğer ones can live as worthlessly as their parents have, for a son or daughter of slothlike sin cannot become more than his or her original sin without the desire to change, and desire is of nonexist within the wean of the Belphic, lacking all Spirit and soul as they do, absenting all that pertains to the most glorious cravat-wearing theatre of *feeling*.

Deep into the darkness of this complex peering: in the rooms of the Infernal house is the greatest of stages, and there the sins gather for their show; they rave beneath the lights and play themselves perfectly in accordance to their rôles as they should, giving light to the world and being consumed with the scripts. They are *interesting* devils, and have characters for themselves. —— They may be evil, but they remain cravatted despite the weary world.

The *Spirit of Theatre* is there for the cinematic gore and violence, where suited Satans all commit to their horrorshows in great contentment, thus giving a most wonderful light. But where are

those of SLOTH? Those sons of BELPHEGOR do not up-live to anything, for that would require œbernihilism, which they lack in totality.

The unforgivable SIN of the APOCALYPSE is *ascetia*; this is well-known; to be of such unwant and *wholly* indifferent to the HOLY GHOST is of what I write, where those are left in unfeeling will never even feel the *desire* to change, damning them morelike than simple PRIDE or WRATH ever could.

I am light, the one who gives the glistening feeling and glimmer of radiant love from GOD. I am the shine of the lights off a stage and the glint in the eyes of an actor, but those who refuse to view my gifts will see me as another thing. —— They will see me as the last smiling face while being flung out of *Abraham's Bosom*, for while they suffered to spend *life* without light, now they will see it in full as they fall, viewing it *and* reviewing it in only a second so they can spend *æternity* on some Nearearth only trying to access what they knew for that moment, forever recalling what it was *like* to see the gleaming lustre, but never again *knowing* it. They will find all gorgeosity, only later to try to recall to what enlightenment is akin.

Chapter II:
The Dreams of the Devil's Host:

Now, to mirror all the most horrible sins of the outside bush, the devils and dæmons alike can act: they stand upon the stages where the lights all see them so they can be seen likewise by the audience, who wear their most beautiful cravats in all the most wonderful colours. They take their hosts, and use these arch-sinners as servants of their hands. Which sinful act do you most desire? Your dreams, O Reader, are the sins you wish to see and perceive because you know no elsethings.

The acts are the hands of the sinners being moved by devils, but that is not to their vindication. above the sinners is a cloud and thence defæcations are spat. For what reason do the slothful exist other than to observe this matter and watch in nihilistic stupor as these browned *things* are shot down at the Earth and the slothful blindly fornicate for the sake of social pleasure? They gawk and liven't insomuch as to find burnings in the throat and splittings in the stomach; but still, not even the clouds can be of any difference, for why would they? O my Readers, candidly if the Holy Ghost is not able to turn the slothful to Jesus, whyever would the *marrónic* mass be able to turn them to *feeling*?

When the LUSTFUL give dances of rape and PRIDEFUL build such glorious houses, we ask where the nonexistent act of SLOTH is. Where the others are of perverted love, SLOTH is purely apathetic, and that is where they may be found: nowẅhere.

Maledicta to the cursedly flaccid fellows of the chaff who cannot bear to stand firmlike to any theatrical cravat-wearing; we all see the world differently, and the words upon these pages are to be interpreted in a way *only* nearakin to mine expectations and hopes. You see the SPIRIT I've given these pages as the *Enlightened Narrator* and you have read them as you might any film you view, but your job is to dream these things. You want to live your dreams but this book is the dream and you are the perfectly rôléd player of the *Spirit of Theatre*, so live as you may because æternity is a decision and you have met the cross-roads. The interpretation of these pages is silly and absurd, just as the view of life is warped by everyelsething you have seen and your beliefs, but maybe the point isn't to know the secrets of the cosmic universe from GOD Himself, but up-make without the known formulæ.

You, to the Reader, now, will miss what wasn't seen in and regret all unthought samelike, so leave behind all of everything that makes you less than any BELPHIC crone or lazy cad; *be* everything and *play* as I have, everywhom for everywhom as all should act.

Love everything, hate everywhom, and smile because you cry, because at least you can feel your tears, SINNER. The dream of life —— the longmost dream when this book is only short —— requires an existential imagination, and you have that where the SLOTHFUL need.

To rephrase my wording, inverting the scope: the SLOTHFUL are bad, but you are *better* than them, and, importantly, even if you aren't, you have the capacity to *desire* supremacy.

You are the act of a SINNER, the performance of a wonderful iniquity, and that is better than everything the inert offer. You can play your rôle as a SINNER and dance the to the pirouette of SATAN, at least being more than nothing —— an œbernihilist —— who *acts*. Back to HELL, hence, and the damnation of the undoing:

*
* *

Certain people submit to the DÆMONS of what they call 'culture'. They swear to follow this without any second thought, worshipping it because it's what they know, but knowing only arbitrarity within it. They follow their institutions —— churches, traditions, and societies —— because that's all they think they have, but the fact is that they don't know themselves, their world, or their chaff in these communities. They have nothing.

Countless stories have told of 'peer-pressure' and the devils of it, but the entire world is a peer to itself, so what is to be done? Write with *blood*, O Reader, and know your blood, lest your blood be mere *angst* to yourself and others. Your blood is everything you are *apart* from the universe. Other people will also, I hope, write in *their* blood —— though my weird understanding of such sangrefluid is a perversion, I can still hope to understand the universe apart from myself, and you are the same.

Some people just want to be parts of a group, company, movement, or society. They want to be the limbs, eyes, heart, or head of an operation, but lose the meaning of the operation in ambition to be a part of what they see as 'exclusive'.

These people, all of them, exist and even *do*, which may, at first glance, seem to make them supreme to the SLOTHFUL, but their sins are in their brain's *wherefore*; for what reason do they *do*? To them, all action is mandated by *Anankē* and their world; nothing is done for the sake of the self, as they don't know their selves, dreams, or blood, rather only knowing the minds of everyelsewhom in a samelike fashion to the ants, roaches, or bees, who behave for the sake of what they see through ingrainating.

They don't exist as people, but rather pieces within a moving society where everyone means nothing to alleslewhom. They lose their individualism, and commit the self-sung dispatch

against themselves by way of making themselves unrecognisable to their own eyes.

These are not the bed-napping fiends that so easily can be seen as the appendages of Belphegor, but people who have had their minds left into slop through laze, sheep who follow anything into death. The lazy person will shout 'I am not a *cynic*! I follow people because they are good', but is samewhile only a shame to the *true* philanthropes, who know flaws are part of humanity, and ought to for be accounted in *wisdom*, not unseen in *blindness*. The relaxers follow with other motivations, know it as they *may* or *may not*.

Some of these people, the chaff who want community, are pestilential to the entire world through their *mendicity* to ungiving friendship. These are the women who don't know how to laugh with friends for propriety's sake, or the men who only live for their 'best friends' —— from whom they require money. These are among the worst breeds of the vulgate, those fellows who never exist as central to the dreams and stories of anywhom, but find their ways into the doer's throat as *vomit* nonẽtheless; the women see friends and think of Eros or rape, while the men think of money and fiendishly vile elsedoings —— all of sin.

What is friendship to these people, the fools? They are homosexuals for themselves because they were never taught love outside of carne; they known't friendship because it is of money, Anankē, or someëlsething of proactivity, not the glory of the truer love, which is what friends will share on an overcast day when the lights are off, singing to each-other not out of suffering the other so the first can be with the second for the sake of elsewho's perception or gold, but so they can genuinely humour the other's love of God's idiotic, —— music, as I said —— or enjoy the other's samelike suffering as the first's. Why is love now that of *Cupid* when it ought to be much more —— the samelike experiences as the other party, joy or pain for communion's sake? Everyone pines to be *understood*, but *act and settle* to only be given sex because they known't what is what.

Anywho can fornicate, but what would it mean to simply bastardise? What could society gain from the excess of adulterations? What could the self even gain from the blooming against the body? The ability to do something does not constitute the right to do it, nor does it give any proper wherefore to reason.

Those who pray in mindless church are against whom I write; they brainlessly believe all of what they've been told to do by the govoneering churchers; they are the *chliarianoí* who parlē and orate only because their families have set them to,

though they known't their own thoughts, as those that succumb to faith because their precious cultures tell them to so do —— or those who play with the *Great Beast of Ethos* and his son, *Nomos*, because their culture says they should —— again, those who eat because their culture says to, or dress because their culture says to, or masturbate children because their culture says to without wherefore to anything.

Like the firsts, they are also damned; for, while this is not as Belphegor, it is also undesire —— more than simply being a person who is *undesirable*, these are people who can't *feel* desire for anyelsething than the flesh, and are, thus, undesirable to the Earth as a disease, themselves.

What are a thousand Tœrks to one friend? —— A friend in whom you can confide, who doesn't simply with you up-put, but also feels as you do on everything? This friend is indeed among the most valuable things the universe has to offer.

Likewise, what are a thousand ægyptians to one œtting? An enemy who gives you rage and abomin —— a perfect foe! An evoker is what an œtting is and the foil to the self; — Lucifer to God as Tybalt to Mercurio — the harbinger of feeling —— Indeed, any œtting is the emotional forerunner to gorgeous teliomisos.

What is the point of life? Anyone who lives a life *feels* things, no matter how his life is spent. I do not know the point of life, —— there is no moral to the dream, as in Æsop's works, which are far too cleanly played —— but to live life *is* to *feel*, so clearly the *unfeeling are unliving*, and should not be mourned, as they never lived. —— Would you cry for a baby who was never conceived, or for a child about whom there was no thought, much less seed?

You will never be hurt, because a true friend will never hurt you, and nowẅhom you suspect as œtting will catch you without your foresight. —— The only sorrow comes whence somewho backstabs, and whilst this does ruin the 'friend's' *façade*, nothing is truly changed beside *perception*; verily, perception is the rubrifiedmost blood, through which sight is impossible, for such blood is your viewing of the universe, and it is depraved.

One should attempt his sight to be through the albino blood, which is clearer and lets one better through see; the cosmos requires your sight, and the whiter the blood of your eyelids, the clearer your perception.

Since *some* blood will *always* remain in red, one should maintain to *feel himself* when one cannot maintain to *feel the universe* aside him. This is wise, for those who cannot elsething see.

Chapter III:
The Path to Hell:

The path to Hell is wide and long —— long insomuch that those who go down it are damned only after a full life of trekking. Those in Hell deserve their woe, for Hell was certainly created in justice by the Divine Power in supreme wisdom and primal love for those who lived wronglike. —— Hell is the city *of* the dolent, but it is samewhile the city *by* the Just.

A man will go from the first sins to the last sins and only then reach the gates of Hadēs, but the primally slothful individuals will go beyond. Less than human as they are, unfeeling beyond even a brainless fœtus, they go to a place not made for men; Dudael is where they will go, the place not for Titans and Watchers, but for the inhuman dæmons —— to the deepmost areas will these people go, where Belphegor sits on a porcelain throne as his followers follow him with offerings of marrónic sludge —— though they only follow Belphegor as much as Belphegor did Lucifer —— neither the king nor his followers hold to one-another, for they are all lukewarm.

A common excuse is that the lazy blighters do not know of their SIN, and that is their exoneration. 'The ignorant cannot be judged', says the *unwise* philanthropist and gowks alike as one-another, but a smarter person will know that a daffist is a wrong-doer samelike to anyotherwhom, and his justificatory defence is not to be seen as vindičitive to any case. Morality is the law, and the law is set to not bow to someone whose brain does not function at the capacity of someëlsewhom; morality is what it is, above all *stupidity*, *ignorance*, and *unintelligence*, and the moral law goes above all other governor-imposéd law, likewise to being above the mindless.

One does not grow nowhence to be complacent; the SLOTHFUL people have no strength, no curiosity, and no work —— they've lived *without effort*, and because of that they've grown incapable of living *at all*. Their comfort is their undoing, but unlike any tragic character, it is not something boohoohoo-worthy. 'The loss of a person is only a loss if that person is of value', says society. A dead Othello means nothing, unless he's worth something more than any other person who may die, and, because *Othello* is, he is able to be called a 'tragedy'. —— But a bibber of *Lethe*, who drinks nothing? Which person among us would mourn this fellow of the chaff?

The SLOTHFUL have lived on-top of us while we work and they become inert and idle. Their class of people live off ours, and that has only created haß

between us and them —— however little they actually even know their hate.

Noöne will mourn them as children. They've lived easily so that now they can continue, but when they are done-after, noöne will care to save them. Where a PRIDEFUL wretch decides to create a statue to crush those who love the fiend once it falls, the ultimate SINNERS of SLOTH will crush *themselves* rather than their worshippers with them, where, when one person attacks them, others will join in, or, for the fearful, sit to watch in unhelping.

Who will mourn the wine-bibbers? —— Perhaps the sellers! Or the lusters? —— ver, the tapers! The sons of MAMMONA will be missed by the buyers, yes, but who is for the BELPHIC? What is left to be said about them, apart from the talk of their SIN? —— More to them, the ultimate evils in their inactive villainy by nonexistence.

They lack Tœrkish infatuation, American gluttony, and Enlgish wrath; they don't exist and submit, thus, to none of the theatrically cravat-wearing vices of the other peoples.

*
* *

A lot of people will laugh to think about things that do not exist. —— How can a thing be thought about, if it does not exist? We think about the SLOTHFUL the same way we think about any other

abstract idea: it does not have to exist to have a face or an name. They exist in our minds alone because they can't sustain their own lives —— even so, they can't be forgotten by us as something simple, rather being in inexistance like hunger, which knows and can't be helped. *Nos* de eis cogitamus, tamen *ii* non cogitant; non cogitant ergo non sunt.

The road to becoming complacent with the self is as long as the road to SLOTH —— the road to HELL. Once somewho stops to rest he becomes willing to have elsewhoms do his business; the otherelsewhoms only live to work for him because of their classical disparity, and, when one group lives off of another, the society will eventually fall apart; those below will keep to work but those above will become weak and small, so a revolt will be made inevitable.

Certain people have become willing to forget how to work for the sake of *ease*; they will forget everything about themselves, their world, their structure, and their abilities, and will eventually lose to BELPHEGOR.

Other people among us wish to explain what cannot be known, or, worse, kill it. These people call anything that is not vulgar 'pretentious', and want to hate the intellectuals so they may seem more akin to the proletariat, themselves. This fear of being called pretentious kills ideas in the intellectuals, though, before they can be born; 'does one like fine things? Who is to know? —— Only the pretentious fool

would try them'! This is the death of everything, where people band together into their institutions to exclude *the others* but by their discrimination for the smart fellows kill themselves.

The first group says 'let us hate the painters, as they are not common', and then the groups condense into one in hate, losing their freedoms of the self, samewhile. Then the group says 'let us hate the philosophers, for they are not vulgar', and then a second school is killed; the third idea is against the writers, and so the people follow themselves to kill the writers' will. Eventually they will return to cavemen, once every exceptional person is dafted or killed.

They want to simplify things so the commonmost person can understand the world, but the world is not of GNOSTICISM, O Readers, and the people who *think* they can see, and hate that they truly *can't* (if they've that self-awareness) only want to kill what is not able to be viewed by the bourgeois, whom they call separate from themselves for their own pretense's sake, though they are the same.

An *inferior* mind will always brag about his unknowing, because he wants to deem what he can't see as unnecessary to life; once somewho deems something as unnecessary to learn, and pretentious to know, all art within that thing is halted, and the superior minds who do understand will be diabolised into submission to the weaklings.

This detest for the culture of pretension is its own form of pretense; the people who partake act giddilike to *think* themselves *better* than those who pretentiously act superior, but in their supremacist ideas they become what they sought to end: an idea against the common person, —— somewho not common enough —— where they fell out-of-touch with the proletariate long ago in their WRATHFUL love of hate. They became what they wanted to destroy —— the berries of WRATH.

Some people are less willingly stupid in the way of fighting those who are superior, but rather so stupid as to simply be complacent —— these are the BELPHIC.

We know the world through our eyes, sangrecated as they are, but the hope is that we will at least recognise that we cannot see the true universe of GOD's intent with our current eyes. There are the fools —— they are, by themselves, called GNOSTS —— and they think themselves to know GOD. These are the *Bachs* and the *Hændels*, who try to see GOD through their sangrecated eyes, and even explain Him —— as though they had the pallidity to view the LORD —— in some ontological fashion, with mathematics.

They don't know they are reddened by their brain's bursted sangreducts, though, and continue to govoneer to the world (in their cases with music) their viewing of GOD.

The *wise* person will know that human eyes are not, in life, ever cleared of their red, and thus God is unknowable in-whole at once in life; these are those who have *better seen* He who *cannot be seen*, for they recognise He Who was never made cannot be reviewed by him who was made; they have seen a tiny glimpse, the *Liġetis* and *Schnittkes* of the most cravatted art, of God, and recognised He *exists*, and simply *does*; both these things cannot be understood by them, for God *is*, but is *not for* us.

Had you *been* before God *made*, there is no doubt the nonexistent atmosphere would inspire you with what you cannot, now, know. You may have even seen it, once, but you are only like a *beetle* who may have seen a *spaceship* and, importantly, *understood* the machine as to, once the moment had passed, only *try* to review and recover the ideas again-and-again.

The agnosts were there when the universe was made *more than* the gnosts, and Liġeti can assure you it was made for God's viewing, not ours. Noöne has seen the universe's beginning clearly, but if one *had* seen the start he'd also see the end, viddying it because there'd be no perceptible difference between the two.

I think that forgetting is something to fear; I worry about when we forget, but I, more than worry, detest to see *Bonhoeffer's stupidity* applied *willfully*. When we forget the self, we suicide ourselves to nothing while still maintaining our shelled bodies as

burdens upon otherelsewhoms. I am talking to the deniers of the self who socialise to death, but also the horrorshows of people who simply cannot feel in life for any other reason. Again as afore, the loss of feeling is to put one below the sheep, pigs, and even under the flies, for at least the flies can eat; to not feel is to nonexist, so why commit to it?

Everywho is a burden upon an otherwhom, but because most people are also able to add to the world their worth to the Earth they are increased up to the point when they are no-lonǧer a burden, but a positive to the world in their doing; to live after killing the self kills all positivity, and then you are worthless, unearning of even œttish enmity.

To exist is to feel and to complace is to become undesiring of feeling; unfeeling comes from both SLOTH *and* maldoing, both of which must end in-order for the one to stop feeding the other and for the doers to grow, as they should.

Chapter IV:
Have the Self-Vindičitive not Cried?:

Your issues are not your sins, but rather your self-satisfaction —— this complacency that cries into Cæl. Your very sparingness of sin sobs into Heaven! To even hear you speak, thus, is a miracle, and, oh, what the diligent would pay to hear you *cry*! The slothful are forever at-rest, but what is to be done in the land of the sleeping? Nothing can be done if everyone is asleep, and even if only a few are asleep, don't they act as a pain to those who have to step around the nappers and feed them? The superior doers work to feed these people out of *phoboenochē*, but the untermenschen only waste the workers, so they should waste themselves.

A lot of people think that their issues are someëlsewhose, but they are mistaken; the issues of a person are not to be seen as conapered by an otherwhom, nor can anyotherwhom be seen as the saviour to one's own problems; one lives, and the universe is apart from them; there is no in-between to the both of these, and thus all is one's, excepting what is wholly apart from the one, which doesn't care as one doesn't, himself, and doesn't know the one, samelike also as to how the one doesn't know of the thing; to know of something in the universe is to

perceive it, and, since one videos with blood-filled eyes, to perceive something to know it enough to make it a part of the self. What one does not know is not a part of his life —— said things may not exist, for all he will care, as even if the 'unknown' thing motivates something that is known, it is then inferred and implied, therefore perceived —— so his life is what he knows as what it is, as it is a warping of the cosmos, therefore he doesn't know anything but the ego. This is true for everyone.

*
* *

I heard a girl; she was with her friend and they were playing basketball together; the one pushed the other as the first tossed the skin; the ball landed through the ring, and they both laughed, then. Their knees buckled as they laughed, and I think that those laughing girls made me want to cry more than the screamingly unfeeling children with whom I've been in building for a week and society for a year have ever made me to desire. It was sad to realise that my glorious burden of purpose means I am always fraternising with the unfeeling and undesiring, never those whom I love —— still, I've come into the world to save the unthinking, not sorenise with the lovẽable ones of light. I don't think I can ever laugh like they both did, because I never will be with anyone of that

sort —— again, I am just here to inspire, not enjoy. It is a purpose; it is a glorious burden of purpose.

When I write about myself, I am writing for all of the people who act to their rôles —— I write for those who SIN so that others can *feel*; I can sound so silly and self-important, but I am only the rôle-player and the harbinger of feeling like everyelsewhom; I am light, but so are everywho that acts, so what of me? I am the writer and forerunner, but nothing more, and the former is only unique when the latter is vulgar to everywhom. We betray ourselves when we cry, showing off our ability to feel; truly, the SLOTHFUL do not feel, at all. The burden is all of ours, and we'll all cry for our inability to be around the feeling, whom we love and, equally, create.

*
* *

I knew a man who once cut off his arm so that he could lay it alongside others' bodys' parts; one lady took off her face, and another man his leg so that, once a people's corpse had been made and sewn, there was Ethos and Nomos, a sangreen creature that they —— the society —— named as 'culture'. The man who had off taken his arm bled for the culture and the others all had, but he did not know his blood when he gave it, rather hoping that the culture and society could give it meaning; look, though, to see that culture does not know blood, either, and when

everywhose blood is set together it loses itself into nothingness, an amalgamation of nonsense belief and ideology that shares all arbitrary contradiction inside itself. Everywho is an individual and everywho is also, therefore, against his neighbour by nature —— thus it is nonsense to hope that giving an arm as your neighbour gives his leg will bring any enlightenment.

It means very little to kill a person; *Abel*, once dead, saw his blood cry up into Heaven as it seeped likewise into the dirt. No, to *kill* a person is worthless, but killing the *meaning* behind a person —— killing his *blood* —— is the way to destroy him and even his people, under him.

One can take away the boards of a philosophy the same way that one can a ship, and once each has been changed out for its new form, the shape is the same, but the meaning is different. Take a person's blood and mould his ideology into nothing samelike to its old form... It is the murder of the enemy that no followers can canonise and, if done by the self to culture, again, is the Spiritual suicide noöne will notice. —— You can lose all meaning for yourself, but if it is not a theatrical and bloody death, noöne will sob and nowho will cry at the loss.

When you have no ladder or stool, your legs will have to work to climb the hills; be sure, then, that your legs are strong enough, strong insothat they can outpace the opposing thinkers in mental cursi.

Your legs can bring you where no ladder can go, too, for any ladder or stool will need solid ground on which to stand but *you* needn't such. *You* can climb without these worries and eventually reach your climax, the peak and pinnacle of Cællic light. The mountain is fiery and most people are shoved inside its caves by the attractive force it has, where it is easier to get crushed by the gravitational winds against the self on the solar plains than to climb, but those who reach the *catacórypho* will see Eden.

The mountain is surrounded by Satan, whose wings envelope it, and the people sit as though snared to the hill's side. I always thought this was Hell, and this has Satan, the father of wrath, so it cannot be Dudael, at least.

Where God is the hen who protects us with luxurious wings, the cragglīlike caucus mountain is covered by the leathery pinnæ made from the screaming Éreb of the damned —— but at least they *do* scream, for that is what sets these evil-doing barfers into Hell: they can *feel* their woe and are *dead* in regret, but in that *deathy unlife* that they genuinely *do live*!

The people who are tall and like trees inspire awe in the vulgate; the smaller people look at the pedēs of the larger ones and say 'wow, see the massive feet! —— There must also be a great chest to them, and a cap to that', but they are mistaken and silly, for to see the feet of someone who is thus grand is *infatuation*, and infatuation can only *imagine* the head off the feet it knows, creating an idealised *idea* of what simply does not exist. This is the SIN of ENVY. —— All of the perfection is only seen within one's heart and is done through the sangrecated eyes of the perceiver; no person of massivity as this tree-like colossus truly exists outside the fiction of one's mind.

*
* *

I want to sail through the stars of the cosmos on a ship where life's friends are valuable, and where death means something in elsewhoms; today sees all as to be without substance, as though death is the only thing that changes anything meaningfully. Death should not be so relatively meaningful when to other things it is compared, and yet it is —— this is a flaw in our lives.

Today's talking is the blabbery of meaninglessness; I crave substance; as if eating food without protein, I am starved by conversing without meaning. To talk or spend or even bastardise are just pass-times towards death, but death is, itself, only the termination of the self —— I question if finding meaning in one's ending is worthwhile, as such meaning would be totally conclusive. —— Surely killing someëlewhom is not the correct path to meaning, either? —— That would just give elsewhoms meaning, not the self.

Money is spent so that one can buy a prostitute and spend an hour, money is spent so that one can purchase a television and spend a week, and money is spent on time, not for relohic procuration but rather the spinning of the clock's hands so its fruit may *go*!

Money is spent *unto* death *for* death, but why? Why is their wherefore there? It is the meaning of death that the buyers seek, and this is not to their discredit, sadly, for with only imperfect Hændels and Bachs we sit alone, only favouring to hide our seeking of existiment in a place where unthinking is equated to 'by-getting'; it is easier for the nihilist to buy his groceries and do his work, not question the wherefore to his conatic labour.

Once a person, trying to sound smart, said that the people work and work until they can't —— then they die; this isn't the case, rather the people

work and work not *until* they die, but *so* they die; people desire to die, and that does not require exoneration, for they are justified in their meaning-seeking.

The power to *think* is one of humanity's worst curses, hence our desire to break the monotony of existence. Æternity is a scary idea, and not everyone desires death so plainly, but simple nonexistence is an amazing idea… one could always stoop as the slothful have, proceeding to live as easily as they do, fraternising in their filth for funness's sake, and that unlife in Lethe would truly be an happy dispatch of the self —— what many people want.

I can't stop thinking; there was a 'boom', and now I *am*, and that self-awareness is difficult to control. It is something of which one *should* be proud, but to *live* when one has that rare and valuable option to do so is quite painful, in practice; it's a burden for which I never asked, but still one with which I must live, in every moment. Every second is felt, and everyelsewho seems slow to it; I feel that time by-going, and noelsewho seems to care.

But is it wise to kill the self into SLOTH? What is wisdom when one does not know the point of living; wisdom is bondoing when one cognites the plan, but, without knowledge of the unknowable plan, 'wisdom' is arbitrarity. Death is bad because people see it so deeply as such —— the individual is

irrational because everyelsewho also is, and that consistency spawns *culture*…

A doctor off-cuts another's arm on account of an illness. These amputations have been the tradition for two-hundred years, and, despite the fact that medicine had advanced, and the arm could have been saved, the cædit still eviscerated samelike as his mother because she did it afore, and her mother did thus, too. The mother and grandmother find vindication, for medicine was *not* so evolved in that bygone time, but today the doctor finds no such nonculpation.

This doctor will have a son and the child will suffer samelike, for noöne will bother to teach the people new culture.

These traditions hold us two-hundred years back, so, where the world is evolving, we are no-longĕr driven up with it into greatness.

The world needs to grow up, and, if it doesn't, then God will just find another Noah.

Chapter V:
The Lost Æsthetics:

Earth has lost its beautiful æsthetics, and Paradise must be regained; for many, this will happen at once on the Dies Iræ, for even the pagans can feel to change, but for the ones about whom this writing is, there is no salvation. Where life can be positive, it can also be negative, and to focus only on the positive allows the negative a greater power than it ought to have. —— Dæmons are as strong as you let them be, and they are as weak as you let them be, too, thus vigilance is virtuous.

The world is not fashionable, anymore —— individuals have become the slaves of Ethos and prisoners of Nomos —— but the servants of Belphagor are a dying breed; they are autovoric and self-digesting, where, to their undoing, they find it easier to die than live, and will therefore cease to be through Chronos. They will die, but more will rise; the cyclical nature of people shelling themselves has been around for millenia —— though it is now more accessible, since society is at its forgivingmost era —— and will not end until the judgment when they are cast into the Inferno.

This is their height, and they may stay popular for centuries hence, but they will eventually die, because they don't exist in the most important way: where Orci speak lies and Asmodei fornicate, at least they have an eo.

Those whom we despise are those whom we call horrid —— the person who murders creates indignity, but the worst people are those whom we forget on account of Belphic nonexistence. The abouliac of sloth is unnoticĕable unless you care for light!

Just because they have not maldone you does not mean their complacency won't be samelike to such; inaction certainly leads to harm just as malaction does. You live, and they cannot; you love, and they cannot; your love is what separates you as above these untergeschœpfe, be it the love of God or the love of sin, you have love. —— You can feel, and, at worst, by reading through this as you have proven you have the capacity to feel if you don't have that luxurious brilliance, yet.

Love, O Reader, and remember that the truest love, as I've said, is not sex or Anankē, but the true up-putting with somewhom that you adore; love God or sin, choose adoration or hatred, but, always, no matter what, do love.

Icarus, after forming wings with his father, Dædelus, decided to live: when Icarus plummeted out from the Cælest he died, but his death was his life and even when he fell he smiled: he smiled because he knew even his death was one-hundred times more meaningful than someëlsewhose, who would do as told unto more telling and more —— unto death. Icarus's death can only be called a true death in our own eyes —— to him, it was the climax of an actual life, one life lived by himself, not the pompouseers who would control him with cultured mundanity, forcing him to inhabit his body as it did the traditional world's doings. Does Icarus still smile, now, in the oceans, foxilike, because he knows that even in the abyss he lives truer than us? I imagine Icarus *lived*, even if we *call* it 'death', out of jealousy.

*
* *

Never allow the self to bleed for nothing, and never allow elsewhoms to determine for what your blood should be —— candidly, blood is what you make of it, and anywho that preaches against your blood has different blood than yours, therefore being as redundant as the evangelising absurdist. Leviathan would like to swim within you, creating chaos and meaninglessness, but the fact is that individualism comes from chaos, triumphing only into existence

after hardship —— an epic hero is nothing without an obstacle; chaos through Leviathan and arbitrarily through obedience to Nomos and Ethos are both the killers of the self, so do not subscribe to them! Those who speak ill of *elsewhose* blood don't know their *own*, and theirs is of angst —— they call elsewhoms inferior because they known't their own selves.

The world needs to evolve, but some people fear the idea of it changing into someëlsething than it's current state —— however superior the new form would be —— on account of it being unique to the old form, and simply *new*; traditions hold back people from knowing their societies, cultures, selves, and worlds where their eyes are all sangrecrated redderlike forewards because they continue to be the cædits of their selves.

In a world full of wretches who refuse to act in-accord with their rôles, it is the job of the doers to entertain the Saints and Angels; it falls upon the diligent to *do*. To do —— even if such doing is flawed —— is superior to inaction. When love is feeling, but noelsewho plays along, that love turns to hatred; love mandates that two people stick-together because love must be kept by twos, but it seldom keeps longlike in this state because of its fragile nature. —— Hatred only mandates a victim, rather than a partner, and, while one must hold a friend primally, the friend can quickly be shifted after his love fades, leaving only

yours: that love is unreciprocated —— that love is hate.

When love is left alone for so long because nowẅho wishes to reciprocate, that love does not leave, —— feeling never should —— but instead it must morph into someëlsething... Perhaps hate is not the *greater* love, but hate surely is the *self-sung* love —— love given even when noelsewho desires it from you.

You *feel* as God feels —— you love even when noöne asks for it; your love feels like fire to those who reject you, but that is only because they do not know *feeling*.

Love everything, hate everywho, and smile because you cry, because those tears are a testament to the pain you find in *doing* —— a testament to your diligence. —— Those tears will bring you to Heaven.

I love you, O Reader.

Set to Baskerville, Baskerville Small Caps, and Times New Roman print.

First public edition in portable document format; finished 12/11/25.

Note that all diacritics and ligatures are intentional and exist for more than flourish.

Do not reproduce or change any part of this book, including but not limited to changes of spelling, typefacing, capitalisation in words, and censoring.

By the names of Romeo Albertini for writing and Francesca Rosetti for formatting.

Finis